



## Galactic



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### Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

Keith nodded at Pidge as he examined the chest panel of his black robotic lion craft. "So you're saying we just need some need extra power and then Black can fix himself? And then we can form Voltron again?" Keith turned with raised eyebrow to his techie.

Pidge, the pilot of the green lion craft, rubbed his neck. "Yeah, that is one option," he replied. "Of course, I could re-route the channels in the main power grid to divert energy from accessory functions to the automatic repair matrix and then set it to re-route again back to its original configuration..."

"What he's sayin' is Black has the power already. We just need to help him move it where he needs it," Hunk, standing nearby with his arms folded, said in explanation. Keith was a great pilot, but even he sometimes had trouble understanding the green pilot's lingo. "That way we don't have to tow 'im all the way to Ariel to get him fixed." The yellow lion pilot smiled at his friend, who adjusted his green goggles and nodded his thanks.

Keith nodded, but before he could speak, a concussive sound like a massive power surge exploded outside and moments later a boy in a tan hooded robe came dashing into the open garage. He looked winded.

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"Hey there," Keith said, apologetically, "my lion is broken."

"Droida koona lah crispo je," the boy gushed, and slipped behind a crate of supplies.

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"What...did he..." Keith watched the boy and scratched his head. Another sound clamoring into the garage seized the three lion-pilots' attention.

"Robots?" Hunk looked confusedly at the group of 10 or 15 armed battle droids that had come chasing into the garage.

"Hand over the Jedi padawan," one of the droids demanded.

"If you're talking about that kid," Keith replied, "then no. You'll have to tell us why you want him first."

The droids aimed their blasters at the pilots and fired.

## Chapter 2 by Jayde Avalon



Keith barely managed to dodge the laser shot with a barrel roll to the right. Activating his Volt-com, he sliced through an oncoming droid and prepared for another one.

Pidge's Volt-com shield protected his small frame from injury while he twirled ninja-stars through the air. Some exploded on contact, some returned to him, and some acted as an EMP.

/Oops/, Pidge thought too late.

Hunk was ready to smash another droid with his Volt-com hammer when it suddenly died. "Aw, man!" The burly pilot groaned. As another pair of droids set their attention on Pidge, he stepped in front of his small green-clad friend, ready to protect him. The droids were closing in rapidly.

Suddenly, random bits of clutter flew through the air and smashed into the droids.

The mysterious boy came forward with his hands raised before him.

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